



Scarhead



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Chapter 1 by Madison Flanagan

I was standing across the burning fire from him, and without thinking- because I was so used to him- I picked up a stick, and threw it at him, and yelled, "Get out of here." At that moment I knew I had made a big mistake. The bear stepped towards me and tilted his head. I didn't get the feeling that it was going to attack me, but then, he started to growl. I started to run and didn't stop until I knew he was not behind me. But before I could catch my breath, he scratched me.

I ran into the house and shut the door behind me. I had no words. I didn't know why I got so angry. Any smart person would know that you can't make bears mad. I decided this was going to have to be the end of Scarhead. My wife was especially happy to have Scarhead be gone but I was not so perky. I brought out my gun and slowly and carefully tip-toed outside.

I spotted the bear next to the orangish red flaming fire. I held up my gun, and put my hand on the trigger. I was as nervous as a turkey at thanksgiving time. Right when I was about to pull the trigger I knew I couldn't do that to him. Tell me about the conversation he is having in his head here. After I realized that I put the gun down and stood in front of Scarhead. I thought Scarhead would forgive me, but I was soon proven wrong. He pounced on me fiercely and without thinking my wife took the gun and shot the bear.

I didn't know whether to thank her or be mad at her. After the killing of Scarhead, I suggested that we bury him. Now, as every day and night goes by I still remember scarhead. He will always be part of the family. I whisper to myself every night, "I will never forget you Scarhead."

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